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Judge

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BEN AND BIZZY.

The Newspapers advise President Harrison to send Ben Butler with the Samoan Mission, as Bismarck could neither bully nor browbeat him.

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THERE ARE indications that T. C. Platt feels real good.

* * *

MR. FELLOWS came up smiling in the Kerr trial, and went out precisely in that way.

* * *

WE DON'T believe Governor Hill will marry until he gets good and ready, and then the lady will not be good and ready.

* * *

THERE IS only one bachelor in the list of Harrrison's appointments, and George S. doesn't spell it that way.

* * *

THIS is a very, very large country; but of course the most desirable part of it is that which the Oklahoma boomers are forbidden to have.

* * *

SOMEBODY declares that Bismarck has a conscience. That is well. By the way, how did he acquire it and to whom does it belong?

* * *

WE CANNOT THINK with patience of the loss of the United States in case Fred Grant were not a part of the diplomatic service of the government.

* * *

THE LAST 17th of March was as bright and beautiful as a day in June. It was as genuine a sunburst as that which belongs at this time to the cause of Ireland.

* * *

DURING the next three or four years the Democratic party will run from the tariff question with untiring rapidity; but they will get no further from it than the dog from the tin can tied to his tail.

* * *

THE PAPERS that put Mr. Blaine in the attitude of the man with a chip on his shoulder are acting foolishly. Mr. Blaine has reached years of discretion and wants nothing but peace, merely asking that it come without dishonor.

WRONG PREMISES.

THE PROFESSOR—"You have the most strongly developed bump of veneration I ever saw."

CLINCHY—"'Tek yure hand aff 'r thot! Th' ould woman aised me out o' bed this mornin', an' I shtruck me hid agin th' flure."

A TYRANT OF INJUSTICE.

OF COURSE, Lawyer Kerr could not have been found guilty. He simply served his client. If he had shown his client how to pick a lock and blow up a safe, and had had half the proceeds of the burglary, that would have been his legitimate pay for services rendered. A lawyer can do nothing which does not carry with it immunity of punishment. A lawyer is a privileged being. A criminal lawyer may live on the proceeds of robbery and murder; but the bar says, and the bench indorses the verdict, that in thus serving his clients he is doing his exact duty. Is there anything more unjust than the law? Has this country, now that the state has been liberated from the church, any greater tyrant than the law? Are not the bench and the bar the latter-day priests of the general public? Think of those men in state-prison who couldn't have been guilty without being bribed, yet whose bribers are acquitted of all wrong-doing!

FLAGS.

THE green flag waved over the city hall on St. Patrick's day. That was right. Several Irishmen, not to mention Phil Sheridan, fought for our flag, and had a right to exhibit their own. Various Germans, including Sigel, fought for the stars and stripes, and the colors of the fatherland belong here as well as there. If there is any adopted citizen who doesn't believe in our emblem above his own he had better go home; but the United States government is big enough to permit the courtesy of recognition to every decent banner under the sun, and it is churlishness and small business to deny it.

A DEBT OF GRATITUDE.

THIS GOVERNMENT ought to send the body of John Ericsson to Sweden and erect over his remains a monument suited to his fame. The fight of the *Merrimac* and *Monitor* was the grandest event in naval history. This man made the *Merrimac*, and then made the *Monitor* to beat it. The latter saved the war for the Union, for there wasn't a northerner of intelligence who didn't believe that the first iron-clad had it in its power to destroy every city along the coast. Until the *Monitor* was made—and the late John A. Griswold, an uncrowned governor of the state of New York, bore the larger part of the expense of it—there was not a man of business in the north who didn't feel that his personal property as well as the Union was in extreme peril. Let anybody read of the *Merrimac-Monitor* fight in Hampton Roads, if he doesn't happen to remember it, and see what a splendid thing it would be for this government to honor the career of John Ericsson and bury his remains in accordance with his wish.

PROTECTION FOR THE VOTER.

THE wisdom of legislation is exhausting itself in tinkering. Courts seem to be established to readjust the legal crazy-quilt, and shape as far as possible the puzzling patchwork into some semblance of equity. Human nature cannot be changed by enactment any more than piety can be injected by the resolution of a church consistory. The chief and effective good of law is to deter crime by punishment and make dishonesty, corruption and trickery troublesome and expensive. Evil exists, and will exercise itself. It is a hard but true statement that by surrounding crime and wrong-doing with obstacles a conventional, at least, if not true honesty can be stimulated.

The electoral reform bill now before our legislature and many of the legislatures of New England and western states is in the direction of making cheating possible, and offers to men who have agreed to vote in one direction a secret chance, beyond detection, to give the lie to their promise.

The Saxton bill in this state is the same in substance as that offered in other states, and proposes that—

The ballots shall be prepared at the public expense.

The nominees' names for each office are to be printed under the heading of the political party they represent.

The ballots must be official, and no other shall be valid.

An additional security against intimidation, purchase or persuasion is provided by each voter selecting on this general ticket the name of the person and nominee of the party he prefers by putting a mark opposite the name.

The voter must do this in a place provided, and alone, no other person being with or allowed to assist him.

This plan is not new. It has been tested successfully for many years in Australia, England, Belgium and Canada, and in Louisville, Ky., in city elections.

The plan possesses these advantages. Printing and distributing the ballots at the county expense allows the selection of candidates for public office who, however competent, might be deterred from accepting a nomi-

AT THE OPERA.

THE curtain rose, Faust sang his invocation,
And swift as mounting flame Mephisto came—
A courtly prince, whom no consideration
Could tempt to linger when one called his name.

No arch-fiend he, of manners diabolic,
Glances like lightning terrible and fleet,
Nor yet with satyr smiles upon the frolic
He meant to have with Faust and Marguerite.

Not even was he masked in saintly brightness,
With brows whereon angelic beauty sat;
He simply seemed a man of great politeness,
Well-featured, small of height and very fat.

A jovial smile about his moustache fluttered
And twinkled in the corners of his eyes;
Each bar he deeply sang, each note he uttered,
Sounded like throttled laughter in disguise.

His menace had a mirthful implication,
His scowl was more than offset by his wink.
He seemed enjoying his enforced vacation
From torrid duties on dark Tophet's brink.

The fatty tissue of this priest infernal
Upon the audience acted like a charm;
(So plumpness ever works on minds eternal.)
And everyone agreed he meant no harm!

The house so melted to this phase of devil—
This round and merry soul to smiles decreed—
It fell at last, in kind accord with evil,
And hoped Mephisto's plans would all succeed.

EVA WILDER MC GLASSON.

IRREVERENCE.

Grandpa and grandma had consented to show the family what the old time minuet was like.
JACK (*breaking in at the close*)—"Now, Grumps, you an' gran'marm give us th' 'razzle-dazzle' an' I'll whistle."

nation by the large and usual assessments for printing that are so frequently made a cover for compensation to political managers. The secrecy of personal selection would hinder bribery or its attempting. The uncertainty of an agreement being carried out would make the hazard of wasted compensation too great, as the man who would sell his promise is not unlikely to lie.

This method furthermore opens an opportunity to elude the bondage of party and express by vote a political preference that, without such seclusion of selection, might be open to various forms of intimidation. The proposition is in the line of practical reform, by making all promises undetectable and uncertain. In the low moral line of political evolution it is worth the test of further experiment. The next step, however, should be and must be an educational qualification. It is likely that a large mass of our sovereigns would be driven to learn to read before being able to select a nominee of the political opinions they desire to indorse. Without a higher qualification than now held there will be added to universal suffrage the ignorant and unguarded suffrage of a selection largely by chance.

The writer overheard a voter at the polls offering as an argument to his companion, "Whenever you find a man who has something vote a certain way; it is safe for us to vote the other." This could not be called intellectual discrimination, yet was it not a bubble breaking to the surface, evolved of sewage of ignorance and envy, and of that spirit of communism that exists more widely than we know?

J. A.

THE PIGS in the clover include almost everybody but the exasperated man who tries to get them there.

PREPARED FOR THE FRAY.

FARMER BILLINGS—"Well, boys, goin' coon-huntin'?"
MR. BLISS—"No sah; not ter-day. We's been requested ter go down ter Mistah Prinders ter help him shoe dat ole roan mewl ob his'n."

THE APPRECIATIVE WIDOWER.

THE monnyment's up, and it's offen my mind,
As hantsome a stone as you'll commonly find;
What an ornyment 'tis to the burial lot!
But Becky deserved one—as good as she's got.

I can't help a-wishin' that Becky could see
It, standin' above her, as tall as a tree;
Fer sometimes she us't, when a-livin', to err,
Consatin' I didn't appreciate her.

An' yit, I don't think 'twould 'ave entered her head,
If 'twan't fer some things that her family said;
But all of her folks was unfriendly to work
And meddled with Becky to git her to shirk.

An' so it ain't strange 'at she sometimes 'ud say
Some things, in a fretful and womanish way,
That life it wa'n't nothin' but workin' to save,
An' woman wa'n't nothin' but only a slave.

They's one thing I'm glad of that is, as a rule,
I never sassed back, but kep' quiet an' cool;
I know'd she'd git over it after a spell
An' sense that I used her uncommonly well.

Fer alwuz I give her what money she earned
From chickens she raised or from butter she churned,
An' urged an' advised her to lay it away
In case of bad luck or a fewcher wet day.

An', anxious she shouldn't be caught by the banks
That fail, without leavin' you even their thanks,
I took what she got, jest as fast as it come,
An' give her my personal note fer the sum.

I paid her the int'res', as all her folks knows,
Fer housekeepin' things, an' to keep her in clo'es,
An' told her how rich she wuz gittin' to be
By havin' a forehanded husbun' like me.

An' so I encouraged an' helped her along,
An' pullin' together we pulled puty strong,
An' prospered unusual in all that we tried
Exceptin' the children that, most of 'em, died.

What Becky'd a-done I am sure I don't know
If 'twan't fer her workin'—she grieved fer 'em so;
An' knowin' their weak constitutions, of course,
Wuz owin' to her, must a-made her feel worse.

When Becky wuz married I wouldn't a-dreamed
She wa'n't jest as strong as she alwuz had seemed,
Or that she would be—as the preacher 'ud say—
In the midst of her usefulness taken away.

But sense she is dead I have done what I could
To show how I mourn fer a creacher so good;
An' most of the money she labored to save
I've spent fer a stone to the head of her grave.

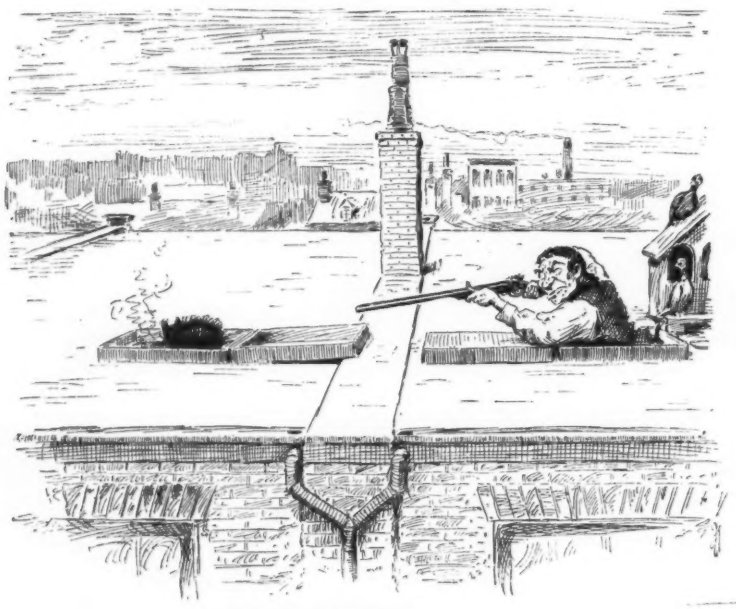
There ain't any hantsomer nowheres around;
It shows from all parts of the berryin' ground.
They's some would a-thought that a cheaper 'ud do,
But when I am gone it'll answer fer two.

I can't help a-wishin' that Becky could see
It, standin' above her, as tall as a tree,
Fer sometimes she us't, when a livin', to err,
Consatin' I didn't appreciate her.

MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.

WASTED ENERGY.

MRS. WALBRICK—"Fo' de lan's saik! who done dat?"
MR. WALBRICK—"I wuz 'temptin' t' carbe dat tuckey whad dem Twiggs folks sent in, an' I done swatted him too hard!"



A ROOF COMEDY.

MR. PIPEGRASS—"There's that blamed cat that's been killing all my pigeons. Guess I'll make a sieve of her!"

HUM OF THE COURT.

THE MURDER of Drug-clerk Wechsung is the Krulisch in recent records of crime.

MARY ANDERSON isn't alone in her weeping; everybody does that who goes to St. Louis.

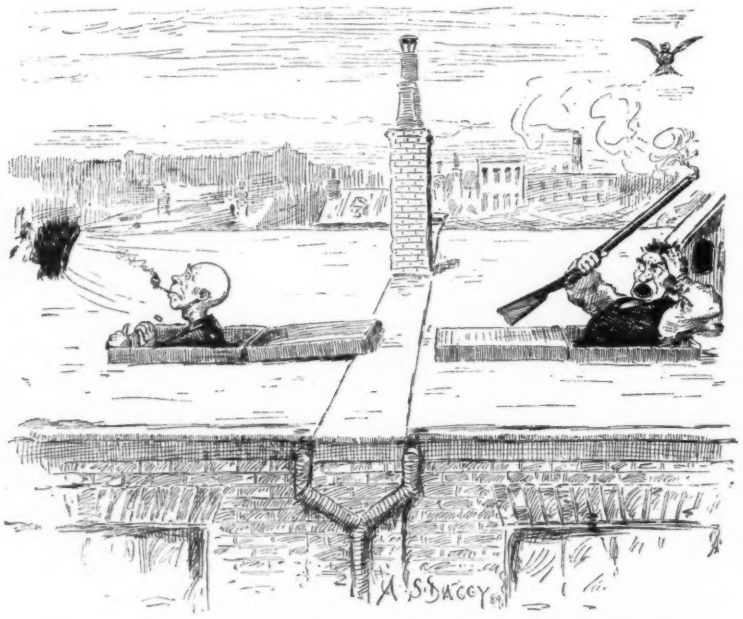
FENCING is popular with ladies, and thus far not one of them has put out her own eyes.

PARASOL-STICKS are worn very long this year; so that really every single woman is half as well protected as if she had a husband.

SPEAKING OF ICE, the bibulous editor of the Detroit *Free Press* says it isn't that that costs so much—it's the sugar and the lemon and the liquid.

NOW THAT the society business in connection with the centennial ball is settled, one may hope that the lesser troubles in Samoa will presently compose themselves.

FIFTY VASSAR GIRLS came to New York to see a comic opera, and on the train that took them home there was not a man who was killed, captured, or injured. What do you think of that, Jules Verne?



MR. HORRERBY—"By jimminetty! I didn't know it was blowin' so up here!"

A FABLE FOR YOUNG WRITERS.

WIT AND HUMOR once had a quarrel. "I," said Wit, "am the lightning of the mind that clears the mental atmosphere from the heaviness of literary stupidity."

"And I," said Humor, "am the genial shower that refreshes the arid plains of literary commonplaceness."

"I," said Wit, "puncture the follies of mankind with the keen arrow of ridicule. In this way I make men absurd to their fellows; they dread their neighbors' laughter, and growing ashamed of their foibles they cast them aside. I it was to whom Solomon referred as the friend when he said, 'Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.'"

"But," answered the more gentle Humor, "may not a friend kiss as well as an enemy? Must a friend always wound to be faithful? 'Tis true you have corrected many a folly of mankind, but have not I also? In your path lie kindliness, stabbed by your scornful words; self-esteem, dragged from its rightful throne by brutal caricature, your slave; good-nature, stung to the quick by your jibes at its 'stupidity.'"

"And you," replied Wit, the proud—"are there no ghosts in your house? Have not men—your disciples—betrayed the secrets of each other's domestic altars in the name of 'Humor'? Have not men—your disciples—stolen my sharpest arrows, blunted them against the mill-stone of verbosity, and, shooting them from their 'amusing' bow instead of my 'instructive' one, to which they rightfully belonged, sent them abroad as their own? You make men laugh, you say, and that men can enjoy your companionship longer than they can mine, and come away refreshed from the fount of fun. Give me the quick, appreciative smile of the cultivated man rather than the loud, and often senseless, laugh of the uncultured boor."

At this moment Public Opinion appeared, and Wit and Humor each appealed to her to settle the dispute.

"Alas!" said she; "by what dire mishap did I happen on the scene at this moment?"

"Ah!" spoke up Wit, the quick, "that word, *mishap*. It was originally a compound from *misery* and *happiness*, signifying something between the two. As you are to decide between us, and can only decide in favor of me—of one of us—you are a living illustration of its meaning."

Humor was laughing heartily and said, "That gives me some good ideas. I can have a first-rate article in answer to your question in an hour or two, when you are ready to decide."

Public Opinion clapped her hands in delight at these two characteristic replies.

"You shall have my answer at once, and it shall be both for and against each of you. You, Humor, in this present day of many followers—some of whom do, indeed, follow so far away as to be unrecognizable—you, Humor, are too often labored and heavy, and the work done in your service is too apparent. Teach your would-be disciples that 'the greatest of all arts is to conceal art,' and quicken your jests by the methods of Wit. A smile from the mind is better than a laugh from the mouth.

"And to you, Wit, whose true disciples are daily decreasing, to you I would say, be not so arrogant in your pride of past memories. The days of Hook and Hood are no more, and that which was spontaneity in their work is too apt to be imitativeness in the work of your present followers. And the sharpness of an old arrow pointed anew is less pleasing to the sight and more wounding when 'tis used. Blend the wider-reaching system of Humor with your own acuteness. Follow my advice, both of you, and each will be the gainer thereby."

And as Public Opinion left them, around and about a multitude of newspaper readers cried out aloud:

"Yea, verily; let thy touch be lighter, oh, Humor, in the alleged humorous articles, and let not thy arrows sting so sharply, oh, Wit, in the political satires."

ARISTINE ANDERSON.

THE OLD BANDANA AGAIN.

CHARLIE COURAGE (*feeling in his neighbor's pocket by mistake*)—"I know it's horwibly bad fawm to sneeze in public, but I've paws'tively got to. You'll pawdon me, won't you?"

CRISS-CROSSED UNDERSTANDING.

HOLLYS (*who is selecting a park hack for his wife*)—"She seems to need touching up a good deal, Anderton."

ANDERTON (*the dealer*)—"She is a bit pale complected, sir; but, Lor' bless yer! th' hexercise 'll redden them cheeks like roses, sir."

Gardeners are usually rakish men.

THE ELOPEMENT.

I WILL tell you a tale of the long ago,
Ga-roo, little Annie, ga-roo;
Of a lord, a lady, a sequel of woe,
And I know that I tell you true.

One winter night, though they knew 'twan't right,
Ga-roo, little Annie, ga-roo;
They agreed to elope 'cause her pa said "nope"
When the lord for her hand did sue.

She dressed her warm, for it threatened a storm,
Ga-roo, little Annie, ga-roo;
Then down the slope they crept, and a rope
Over the wall he threw.

He said, "I'll ne'er stop till I reach the top,"
Ga-roo, little Annie, ga-roo;
"Pray fasten it tight, and cling with your might,
When I lower the rope to you."

Then his lordship lank gave a terrible yank,
Ga-roo, little Annie, ga-roo;
And her skeleton thin flew out of her skin!
Every word that I tell you is true—Ga-roo.

IONE L. JONES.

NOT FAIR.

Heard from the platform of a city horse-car:

Conductor—"Get in, ladies; get in! But there ain't no seats unless you can stand."

First lady—"No seats? Well, we'll not pay to ride if we have to walk."

EXPRESSIVE.

MRS. DE TONG—"I'm going out, Nanette."
NANETTE—"Oui, madame."
MRS. DE TONG—"And I want you to be sure and take good care of the baby."
NANETTE—"Oui, madame. I bottle it at ze seex o'clock."

HER LOVERS.

"CAN I remember them, dear? Why, yes;
First my cousin, tall, handsome Paul,
A heart brimmed over with tenderness;
I liked him thoroughly—that was all.
His brother was fond of me too, you know;
One's grown-up cousin is always so!

Of boys at the college—well, let me see—
Wright, and Marcy, and Harry King;
Nothing serious there for me;
Notes and bouquets—that sort of thing.
Then came Lawrence; when he proposed,
Of course, that page of my book was closed."

"But which did you love, of the crowd all told?"
She blushed a little. "My dear," she said,
"The man I loved, he was plain and old,
Our Greek professor—long, long since dead."
A silvery tear on her eyelash gleamed:
"That was the dream my young heart dreamed."

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

A DEFINITE MEASUREMENT.

Wife (to husband, exploring attic, in their new cottage)—"Isn't it rather low, dear? Do you think it's high enough to kneel in, you know?"

Husband (struggling with her "saratoga")—"*Kneel?* Not much! Why, it isn't high enough to do a respectably tall job of swearing in."

AN INTERRUPTED HUNT.

LITTLE JOHNNY PRENDERGAST (*playing "Indians"*)—"The lone chief of the Wampum-wamps feels the hot blood of the chase in his nostrils! He will, before the sun sets behind the rockies, cut the thousandth notch in his trusty gun for another buffalo."

OLD CORA (*the cow*)—"Them flies is gettin' 'round early this year."

A QUESTION OF DEGREE.

Physician—"I think from your symptoms, madam, that your liver must be quite torpid."

Mrs. Haceide—"Land sakes alive, doctor! I guess you mean frigid instead o' torrid, for I'm jist about froze the hull endurin' time."

NATURE.

HOW sweet, how charming can fair nature be
When sought in her haunts; how bright and free
Beside the babbling waters of the woodland brook,
Within the shelter of a forest nook,
Where all her charms in beauty are displayed;
Who would not woo fair nature?—winsome maid!
Ah me! if I could be that suitor blest
To lie in peace and joy upon her breast!

But yet, how fickle can the goddess be!
Like mortal maiden full of caprice, she,
Seeming to yield at times to your caress
And with sweet smiles and words your life to bless,
Then fills again your heart with doubts and fears
By mournful sigh or bitter rain of tears;
And thinking o'er the thing again I feel
I like the mortal better—*she is real.*

FLAVEL S. MINES.

HER WISDOM.

Papa—"Where's mamma, Dotkins?"

Dot (aged seven, in a disgusted tone)—"Well, she's gone out; but she didn't see fit to 'form me if 'twas on business or gadding."

FELINE AMENITIES.

CLARA—"Mrs. Van Saurkraut is going to have her picture painted."
BELLE—"Indeed? What in, pray?"
CLARA—"Why oil, of course."
BELLE—"I fancy it would be much more like her if it was done in vinegar."

LIFE AND DEATH.

Master Tommy had not yet fathomed the great mystery, death. On receiving from his mother an explanation suited to his childish comprehension he exclaimed, as the new idea struck him:

"Why, then, when you die it's for all the rest of your life, isn't it?"

INUTILITY.

Husband—"This is a pretty go!"
Wife—"What is the matter?"
Husband—"Some one has gone and daubed ink on my new penwiper."

PROOF POSITIVE.

Stranger No. 1—"Who's giving this tea, anyhow? Mrs. Catchhonne insisted on my coming with her, but she didn't say."

Stranger No. 2—"She didn't tell me either; but I guess this is Mrs. La Mode's house."

Stranger No. 1—"Oh, no; *she* can't be giving it, for there's her husband."

BY A MEAN MAN.

Maiden ladies always betray their inmost thoughts by laughing "He-he-he."

MEN WE HAVE MET.

JOSEPH A. SHAKSPEARE, MAYOR OF NEW ORLEANS.

IT may be an open question as to who wrote those pretty little skits entitled "Macbeth," "King Lear" and "Richard Triple-Junior," which have for several years stimulated the historians to go out in the country and walk back, but there is not the slightest doubt as to the authorship of "City ordinances of New Orleans, La.," to regulate and govern the cock-fighting industry. Joseph A. Shakspeare is the admirable culprit, and he was elected mayor of the city twice in succession, completely downing the Democratic nominee on each occasion. Born in New Orleans in 1837, to a father who was one of the old-time foundrymen, his early character was carefully moulded, and after being cooled and the burrs filed down, he was sent to New York to complete his ironical education with the Novelty works. He stayed with this corporation for two years, and on his return to the south was made a partner in the firm of Wheeler, Geddes & Co. in recognition of his ability as an engineer and his coining of the new phrase, "Crescent city," to take the place of the old "Mud-bend" of his boyhood. Mr. Shakspeare is a man of some eccentricities, but they are invariably in the direction of fairness and squareness. It has never been whispered of him that he used fence-rails in the construction of an iron assembly ceiling, nor that he was guilty of using cider vinegar in pickling his castings. The peculiar social conditions of his city upset the puritanical tenet that a gambler is a bad man, and his honor has had to admit that he is not enough of an Eads to jetty the flood that pours through the sluiceways of the temples-of-chance in his borough; but, as a salve to the municipal conscience, he diverted the sum which was yearly paid to the police as hush money into a fund for the erection and maintenance of an asylum for the poor, and a man may know now, when he coppers the red in New Orleans, that he is assisting a Creole pauper to a moderately square meal. As his portrait shows, Mr. Shakspeare is a man of rugged and steadfast character. He was never known to drug a fowl or split a lottery-ticket. His administration of city affairs has ever been clean and above-board; and it may never be said that the Republican nomination for mayor of New Orleans is "not for Joe."

That a woman likes mirrors we're prone to suspect;
Yet, if for their difference we're seeking,
A woman oft speaks when she does not reflect—
A mirror reflects without speaking.

STRIKING A TRADE.

BOWERY TOOTH-ARTIST—"Anything I can do for you, my friend?"
MR. STUBBLES—"I dunno. What d' yer ask fer that air milkin'-stool?"

WHAT THE NOBILITY ARE COMING TO.

COUNT STOPOVITCH (*in St. Petersburg*)—"Isn't it rawther unique-ski, me dear prince?"
PRINCE GONEOFFSKI—"A trifle, my friend. I sail for New Yorkoff to-day to get roubles for the improvement of my estateff."

CAN'T BE BEAT.

Country hostess—"Have another pickled beet, Miss Saturn, do! I don't think you'll find any better. These are some o' them that took the first premium at the fair last fall."

Miss Saturn—"Ah, yes. I thought I detected the flavor of the premium."

IN THE MINORITY.

"OF course you have read"—
But I broke in right here;
For to me it's been said:
"Of course you have read,"
Till I've wished I was dead
Every day in this year.
"Of course you have read"—
But I broke in right here.

"No, I haven't, and can't,
And I don't care to try;
In quite plain words, I shan't,
And I haven't and can't.
Oh, yes, you may rant,
And my 'ignorance' cry;
But I haven't and can't,
And I don't care to try."

A. A.

VERY SAD.

It is said that men are more deeply affected than women by the new hydraulic motor "Little Lord Fauntleroy." This reminds the old New Yorker that when Barnum's museum was burned, long years ago, all the fishes met a terrible fate, but only the whales really blubbered.

PRESIDENT HARRISON RECOMMENDS

UNCLE SAM—"If we must *draw the line*, l

"We should not cease to be hospitable to immigration, but we should cease to be careless as to the character of it. There are men of all races whose coming is

SACKETT & WILHELMS LITHO. CO. N.Y.

MMENDS RESTRICTION OF IMMIGRATION.

w the line, let us draw it at these Immigrants!"

se coming is necessarily a burden upon our public revenues, or a threat to social order. These should be identified and excluded."—*Harrison's Inaugural Address.*

A MUZZLED GOD.

"YOU'LL excuse me for being personal," remarked Hunchley, "but I can't help telling you how much I admire Mrs. Hobson. I danced with her last night at the subscription ball, and during the promenade was immeasurably impressed with her brightness, intelligence, and, I may say, beauty. You have a perfect goddess in your wife, sir."

"That may be," replied Hobson, who was the recipient of this burst of taffy, "but she ain't a goddess of liberty by a large majority."

"Doesn't she allow you proper latitude?" was the query.

"Not much she doesn't," with a long-drawn sigh. "See this dust, and smell this camphor? I've just passed four hours in an old hair-trunk up in the attic for saying before her that I thought Mrs. Hunchley was a charming woman. Better be careful, my friend."

AN UNKNOWN SPECIES.

Young Mrs. Le Docteur (being initiated into the mysteries of her husband's private office)—"What dreadful thing is this, Harry? See how it rattles."

Le Docteur—"That's a mounted skeleton, my pet."

Young Mrs. Le Docteur (studying it attentively)—"Oh, a mounted skeleton. What a queer-looking animal! Did you shoot it in the Punjaub last summer?"

BARNUM'S PERNICIOUS EXAMPLE.

MISS TREVENOR—"Awfully sad about Bessie Menard, isn't it?"

MISS EKELMAN—"Why, I haven't heard. Is she ill?"

MISS TREVENOR—"A thousand times worse than that. She told Charlie Horton that three rings were *au fait* this season, and he broke the engagement."

NOTES OF FASHIONS.

Sermons are limited to eight minutes in all fashionable churches.

Matches are considered delicate little suggestive favors at a german.

Gentlemen are wearing fur gloves large enough to accommodate their partners' hands just now.

A NATURAL RESULT.

"Why, I hear that Nell has broken her engagement with Fred Reedit."

"Yes, and no wonder; he asked her if they shouldn't read 'Robert Elsmere' aloud together evenings."

SPECIAL DISPATCHES FROM EUROPEAN COURTS.

His royal highness the king of Spain sneezed three times this morning. The present weather bureau will be dissolved under high displeasure unless a more becoming disposition is manifest toward our sovereign.

The duchess of Gutenwoldsteinouh's tabby cat, Pastre, died at twelve M. Flags at half-mast. All loyal cats will follow suit.

When the czar went to put on his crown this morning it was found that a spider had maliciously spun her web across it. This circumstance, combined with that of an unpleasant dream, has made the czar more than usually restless. The spider will be banished to Siberia by process of administration.

The queen has been unable to wash her hands for two days past save at the morning ablution. The page whose special duty it was to hand the ewer to the lady in waiting who turned out the water for her majesty has been ungratefully taken ill, and his successor has not yet been appointed.

GIVING THE OLD MAN AWAY.

FOND FATHER—"What are you going to be when you grow up?"
SON—'A man, sir."
FOND FATHER—"What will you do when you are a man?"
SON—"Do the same as you do, and kiss the servant girls."

A TRIFLE EXAGGERATED.

Young author—"Do you receive much rejected manuscript nowadays?"

Old author—"No, not very much."

Young author—"I suppose there was a time when you got a good deal of it back?"

Old author—"Oh, yes, indeed; when I began writing for the press I used to receive back more than I sent."

ROUGH ON THE RAZOR.

MRS. PETERS—"Doan' swear so, Clem. 'Tain't k'rect!"
MR. PETERS—"I cain't help it. Yo' know dat Simmison coon I done argufied wiv at d' ball las' night?"
MRS. PETERS—"Umpah."
MR. PETERS—"I'm lyin' 'f he didn' hab on one 'r dem steel shirts."

JINGLEJAW'S JARGON.

Breddern, at de las' session er de weekly pra'r meetin', de sex'on, de organ-blower an' yo' 'umble sarbint war de sum totalum er partishioners gaddered ter prosercute de same. De 'ten'ance on deze seances hab been grad'ally drappin' off twell hit's got putty nigh onter one pea in de pod, an' hit's come ter dat pass whar wese gotter 'dop' some meshurs ter yank dis congergation four deir aperty, or sell out dis sinergog fo' a hoss mokket or variety show. Las' Chuseday ebenin' war myst, ter be sho, an' I knows dis congergation's runnin' ober wid invalids, but I tuk notice dat w'en de sex'on an' myse'f went de gran' roun's arter meetin' we foun' seben er der breddern at de cock fight, twenty-fo' at Deacon Dominoe's policy-shop, eleben at de tukkey-raffle, an' erbout fo'ty o' de sisters at a pink kumys gub by de wife ob Elder Coopawn. Dis don't probe dey hain't invalids, but it shows dat dey's got 'seazes dat hu'ts whar de climate sorter draws out deir sins fo' public contemplation. an' I specks we'll eider hab ter sen' fo' 'em in a amberlance eb'y pra'r-meetin', or device some ways er makin' de progance 'cordin' to deir sel'lum idees.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Some clergymen are prime ministers, but they are seldom called upon to head cabinets.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

AT THE GREAT CENTENNIAL BALL.

Sure I'm a dandy Gothamite,
The richest blood I claim,
And if ye want to know any more, why
McAllister's me name.
And the raison I am here to-night
Is to tell ye's one and all
Of the razzle-dazzle time we had
At the great cintinnial ball.

There was Mike, and Dan, and Mary Ann and Paddy McCann,
O'Toole, the fool, Pat Donahue and me.
"Hooroop boys," etc.

De Peyster axed ould Rutherford's wife
To dance the quadruped;
She smiled so sweet, but was afraid
The punch was in his head.
Ould Grover C. and Lavi P.
So illigent did prance,
While Binny Harrison skipped the flure
In knickerbocker pants.
"Hooroop boys," etc.
—*Oil City Blizzard.*

Secure a sound mind, which seldom goes without sound digestion, by using the genuine Angostura Bitters of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. At all druggists.

An independent old lady, speaking of Adam's naming all the animals. said she didn't think he deserved any credit for naming the pig. Any one would know what to call him.—*Christian Register.*

"DANDRUFF should never be neglected, because its natural end is in **BALDNESS."**

"The persistence of **ITCHING** is peace-destroying and exhausting to the vital powers."

SCRATCHING is not nice, nor half as satisfying as a **SHAMPOO** with

PACKER'S Tar Soap

which allays Itching, cures Dandruff and Skin Diseases, prevents Baldness and leaves the skin delightfully smooth, soft, elastic and healthful. Removes odors from perspiration, etc. **25 cents.** Druggists, or

THE PACKER MFG. CO., 100 Fulton St., New York.

Sample (half cake), 10c. stamps, if JUDGE is mentioned.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER PIANOS

Are at present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.

Warerooms, 149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th St., N. Y.

SOHMER & CO.,

PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1103 Chestnut Street; CHICAGO, ILL., 236 State Street; SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club Building; ST. LOUIS, MO., 1522 Olive Street; KANSAS CITY, MO., 1123 Main St.

"SWEET HOME."

"There is no place like home" runs the old song, and we know how true it is.

The impressions made in the home are lasting. A mother's words never pass from the mind. A father's counsel remains fresh so long as life lasts. The last benediction of parental love and solicitude—with what tenacity it clings to the memory when almost all else has gone.

How important, therefore, that the home be maintained intact as long as possible—a haven of loving counsel, of peace and joy to the growing children. How sad when death invades, when the fire goes out on the hearthstone and the family is scattered. What the children lose by the death of a parent only those realize who have grown up without that love and advice which a parent alone can bestow.

There are tens of thousands of parents to-day in agony of mind through fear of death from kidney disease, who do not know they are doctoring only symptoms—such as wakefulness, nervousness, a splendid feeling one day and an all-gone one another, dropsy, weak heart action, pneumonia, neuralgia, fickle appetite, etc., while the real trouble is poisoned blood caused by diseased kidneys. Unless purified with Warner's Safe Cure they will just as surely die as though poisoned with arsenic.

Doctors publicly admit that they cannot cure advanced kidney disease; they are too bigoted to use Warner's Safe Cure because it is an advertised remedy; consequently, unless you use your own good judgment, secure and use Warner's Safe Cure, a specific which has proved itself in tens of thousands of cases to be all it is represented, your home, through your death, will be broken up and your loved ones deprived of that which money cannot purchase or friends supply.

A Berks county farmer has been made to believe that his orchard will be leveled in order to cut off the cider supply, in case the prohibitory amendment becomes a law. The anti-prohibitionist who "crammed" the credulous granger forgot to tell him that he would also be prevented from raising wheat and corn, in order to guard against the cereals being converted into whisky.—*Norristown Herald.*

If Olive Logan is right, and true domestic economy consists of "doing without things," the simple-souled sirens of Samoa, who wear nothing but their back hair and their complexion, must be greater as domestic economists than Diogenes was as a philosopher.—*Troy Times.*

Flora—"I went down town yesterday and ordered me a tailor-made directoire suit."

Carrie—"Oh, did you? I went down town yesterday and ordered me a lawyer-made divorce suit."—*Chicago Herald.*

If Mr. Cleveland doesn't enjoy those "four expressions in a statesman's life" in the JUDGE, then he has no sense of humor, though the joke is at his expense.—*Rochester Herald.*

After all this talk about a national flower it is becoming evident that the only flower which completely represents this country is a daisy.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Mrs. Winks—"Well, I declare! The weather indications are right for once."

Mr. Winks (looking over his shoulder)—"Humph! That paper you've got is a week old."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Mrs. Bascom—"Does your husband enjoy sound sleep?"

Mrs. Baclot—"You just oughter hear him."—*Burlington Free Press.*

She was so inconsolable for the death of her husband that when she played the piano she touched only the black keys.—*San Francisco Wasp.*

THE

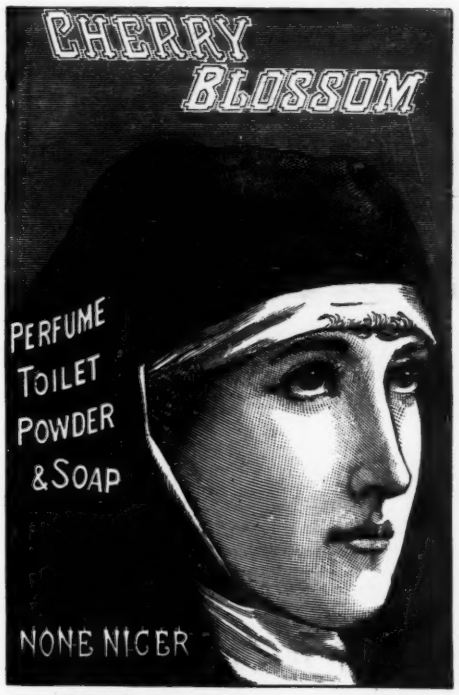
KODAK.

PRICE $25.00.

ANYBODY can use the KODAK. The operation of making a picture consists simply of pressing a button. One Hundred instantaneous pictures are made without re-loading. No dark room or chemicals necessary. A division of labor is offered, whereby all the work of finishing the pictures is done at the factory, where the camera can be sent to be re-loaded. The operator need not learn anything about photography. He can "*press the button*"—*we do the rest.*

Send for copy of KODAK Primer, with sample photograph.

THE EASTMAN DRY PLATE AND FILM CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM

PAINLESS EFFECTUAL

BEECHAM'S PILLS

THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE — WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fullness, and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath. Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be *a Wonderful Medicine.*

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly *restore females* to complete health. For a

WEAK STOMACH; IMPAIRED DIGESTION; DISORDED LIVER;

they **ACT LIKE MAGIC**:—*a few doses* will work wonders upon the Vital **Organs**; **Strengthening** the muscular **System**; restoring long-lost **Complexion**; bringing back the **keen edge of appetite**, and arousing with the **ROSEBUD OF HEALTH** the *whole physical energy* of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that **BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.** Full directions with each Box.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

Sold by Druggists generally. **B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York,** Sole Agents for the United States, *who* (if *your* druggist does not keep them—*inquire first*)

WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 25 CENTS A BOX.

In ordering mention JUDGE.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg has made a claim for 1,000,000 francs against Bulgaria for estates which he owns in that country. It begins to look as if Alec is about to put an opera company on the road to be headed by his new wife.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

The superiority of the Sohmer Pianos is recognized and acknowledged by the highest musical authorities, and the demand for them is steadily increasing in all parts of the country.

The modesty of the owners of the gas plants should be immortalized by a monument. Something in brass would be about the thing.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

The market reports "money off." It is usually that way, and a blamed long way off too.—*Boston Courier.*

SHREWD ADVERTISERS.

Readers of the newspapers of the day cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that the modern advertiser is progressive.

The value of printers' ink judiciously employed cannot be over-estimated; it is the medium whereby a meritorious discovery is raised from local fame to a position in the public esteem. Hence the columns of the newspapers are daily used by hosts of advertisers and in the competition which is indulged in to attain the desired end, the reader is oftentimes amused.

The greatest of American advertisers, and it may as well be said in the world, is H. H. Warner of Rochester, N. Y., whose name has been made everywhere familiar in connection with Warner's Safe Cure, widely advertised because of its merit in the prevention and cure of kidney diseases.

By printers' ink this great discovery has achieved world-wide popularity and thousands feel grateful for the knowledge thus acquired of this greatest of modern remedies.

Furthermore, the public has been taught that disorders of the lungs, brain, heart and liver which have hitherto been regarded and treated by the profession as distinctive diseases are not so in fact, but are the attending symptoms of disease of the kidneys; therefore, the consumptive, the apoplectic, the paralytic, and the sufferer from nervous disorders can be restored to health by Warner's Safe Cure, which will remove the true cause by restoring the kidneys to healthy action.

The advertising methods employed by this greatest of advertisers are invariably instructive and, although the reader may sometimes be "caught" in reading an advertisement, which was not at first supposed to be such, there is nevertheless no time lost since useful information is invariably gained concerning life's great problem.

Jiggers—"Darn an ignoramus, anyhow!"
Wiggers—"What's the matter now?"
Jiggers—"I was calling on little Miss Pertly last night and she asked what the phrase 'indulging in osculatory exercises' meant. Said she found it in a novel."
Wiggers—"Well, did you tell her?"
Jiggers—"I didn't know what it meant until I looked through the dictionary this morning."—*Terre Haute Express.*

SUFFERERS FROM WEAK SPINE.

Persons suffering from weak back will take comfort in reading the following letter from Mr. A. W. Barrett, of Oswego, N. Y.:

"Ten years ago I was afflicted with a lame back. The pain was so severe that I could hardly walk or get about. Hearing much said about ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, I applied two to the lower part of my spine. In a week I was very much better. I put on fresh plasters at the end of ten days, and two weeks afterward found myself entirely well. If I get a very severe cold, I sometimes have a return of this weakness of the spine, but ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS cure me in three or four days."

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for **ALLCOCK'S,** and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

JAPANESE LULLABY.

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings—
  Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother-bird swinging,
  Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star—
  Silvery star with a tinkling song;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling—
  Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes—
  Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
All silently creeping, it asks, "Is he sleeping—
  Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats the sob
  Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,
As though they were groaning in anguish and moaning—
  Bemoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings—
  Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;
Am I not singing—see, I am swinging—
  Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

—*E. F.*

TESTED.

Smart wife—"Don't worry, George. I wrote an article for the paper to-day showing how to get up a family dinner for one dollar, and I took it around, and the editor gave me a dollar."

Husband—"That's a rare piece of good luck. What are you going to do with the dollar?"

Smart wife—"I'm going to try that receipt myself, and see if it will work."—*New York Weekly.*

AMERICAN BANK NOTE COMPANY,

78 to 86 Trinity Place, New York.

Business founded 1795. Incorporated under laws of State of New York, 1858. Reorganized 1879.

Engravers and Printers of Bonds, Postage and Revenue Stamps, Legal Tender and National Bank Notes of the United States; and for Foreign Governments

Engraving and Printing, Bank Notes, Share Certificates, Bonds for Governments and Corporations, Drafts, Checks, Bills of Exchange, Stamps, etc., in the finest and most artistic style from Steel Plates, with Special Safeguards to Prevent Counterfeiting. Special papers manufactured exclusively for use of the Company

Safety Colors. Safety Papers. Work Executed in Fireproof Buildings. Lithographic and Type Printing. Railway Tickets of Improved Styles. Show Cards, Labels, Calendars. Blank Books of Every Description.

JAMES MACDONOUGH, Pres. THEO. H. FREELAND, Sec. and Treas.
Aug. D. Shepard, } V.-Pres. Touro Robertson, } V.-Pres. JNO. E. CURRIER, Ass't Sec. J. K. MYERS, Ass't Treas.

LOCAL MANAGER WANTED. To take charge of office outside of large cities. Permanent position worth $1000 a year. No canvassing or peddling. Apply by letter to J. STEPHENS, Gen. Mang'r, 227 Main St., Cincinnati, O

GOOD FOR WEAK LUNGS.

Monte Cristo Whisky. The best produced. 75 cents and $1 per bottle. Sent in cases of six and twelve bottles.

CHILDS & CO., Proprietors,
543 and 545 Tenth Avenue, and 308 W. 42d Street, New York.

OPIUM Morphine and Whisky Habits painlessly cured. Treatment sent on trial free. Confidentially address H. L. KRAMER, Sec., Box 35 Lafayette, Ind.

FAT FOLKS using "Anti-Corpulene Pills" lose 15 lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. Wilcox Specific Co., Phila. Pa.

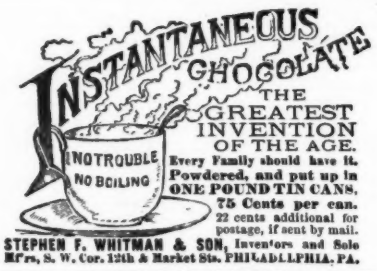
AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY. $75 per month and expenses paid any active man or woman to sell our goods by sample and live at home. Salary paid promptly and expenses in advance. Full particulars and sample case FREE. We mean just what we say. Address Standard Silverware Co., Boston, Mass.

INSOMNIA—SLEEPLESSNESS.

DR. B. F. HOWARD'S Hypnotic and Mind Balm is an infallible remedy for insomnia; it is purely vegetable, and aids in the cure of other diseases. Dr. Howard was a great sufferer from this terrible malady. He cured himself and can cure others. Address for particulars, enclosing stamp, Dr. B. F. HOWARD, 37 Tremont St., Boston, Mass., or he can be seen at office daily.

CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10 or $3.50 for a retail box, by express, prepaid west of New York and east of Denver, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once. Address C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago

"HOME EXERCISER" *for Brain Workers and Sedentary People*; Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room; something new, scientific durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "Schools for Physical and Vocal Culture," 16 East 14th Street and 713 5th Ave., N. Y. City. Prof. D. L. Dowd. Wm. Blaikie, author of "How to get Strong," says of it: I never saw any other that I liked half as well."



LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.

Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic." Annual sale 8,000,000 jars.

Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L'td, London.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa,* from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Is not only the oldest and cheapest, but the most useful preparation for preserving, restoring and beautifying the hair which has ever been offered to the public. It is recommended by our best Chemists and Physicians, and has been extensively and successfully used in all parts of the world.

BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., New York City.

I was so much troubled with catarrh it seriously affected my voice. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm did the work. My voice is fully restored—B. F. Liepsner, A.M., Pastor of the Olivet Baptist Church, Phila.

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

Impecunious southerner—" Say, mister, your sign says that you advance money on titles."

New York land agent—" Certainly, sir; where is your land situated ?"

Impecunious southerner—" Land be blowed! My title is General Buford St. Clair. How much do you loan on that sort of title ?"—*Texas Siftings.*

WHY YOU SHOULD USE

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF **Cod Liver Oil** WITH **HYPOPHOSPHITES.**

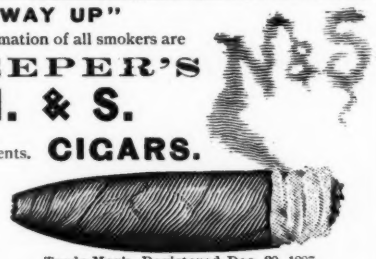
It is used and endorsed by Physicians because it is the best.

It is Palatable as Milk.
It is three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil.
It is far superior to all other so-called Emulsions.
It is a perfect Emulsion, does not separate or change.
It is wonderful as a flesh producer.
It is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

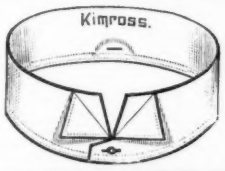
"WAY UP"
In the estimation of all smokers are
SLEEPER'S
N. & S.
All Dealers. Ten Cents. **CIGARS.**



Trade-Mark, Registered Dec. 20, 1887.

S. S. SLEEPER & CO., Factory, Boston, Mass.

THE KIMROSS COLLAR



ENTIRELY NEW.
Comfortable to Wear.
Stylish in Appearance.
Its Popularity Assured.
Ask your Dealer for it.

Originated and made exclusively by the
GALLUP NOVELTY WORKS, Troy, N.Y.

West Shore Railroad
N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. CO., LESSEE.
VIA WEST SHORE OF WORLD-FAMED
HUDSON RIVER.
POPULAR ROUTE
FOR BUSINESS AND PLEASURE TRAVEL.
Magnificent Sleeping Cars Without Change.
New York and Boston to Buffalo, Toronto, Detroit, Toledo, Chicago and St. Louis.
Sleeping Cars New York to Toronto Exclusively by this Route

Tickets via West Shore on sale at all ticket offices in the United States and Canada.
Ask for tickets via West Shore and see that they read via this route.

Do Your Own Printing

$3. Press for cards. Circular Press $8. Size for small newspaper $44. Type-setting is easy by printed rules For old, young, business, pleasure, and money-making. Catalogue of Presses, Type and Paper, sample of Cards, for 2 stamps. Address to factory, KELSEY & CO. Meriden, Conn

SAMPLES for '89. Full outfit with Prize, 4c. STAR CARD CO., Laceyville, Ohio.

Pears' Soap

HENRY WARD BEECHER WRITES:

"If CLEANLINESS is next to GODLINESS, soap must be considered as a means of GRACE, and a clergyman who recommends MORAL things should be willing to recommend soap. I am told that my commendation of PEARS' Soap has opened for it a large sale in the UNITED STATES. I am willing to stand by every word in favor of it I ever uttered. A man must be fastidious indeed who is not satisfied with it."

PEARS' is the best, the most elegant and the most economical of all soaps *for general* TOILET PURPOSES. It is not only the most attractive, but the *purest* and *cleanest.* It is used and recommended by thousands of intelligent mothers throughout the civilized world, because while serving as a detergent and cleanser, its emollient properties prevent the chafing and discomforts to which infants are so liable. It has been established in London **100** years as **A COMPLEXION SOAP,** has obtained **15** international Awards, and is now sold in every city in the world. It can be had of nearly all Druggists in the United States; but *be sure that you get the genuine,* as there are worthless imitations.

Little Henry was retailing his bible lesson to his sister, aged three. "And you know, Mary, Lot's wife was a naughty woman, and did what she was told not to and looked behind her, and God changed her into a pepper-castor."—*Pick-Me-Up.*

Wm. Roberts, M.D., Physician to the Manchester, Eng., Infirmary and Lunatic Hospital, and Professor of Medicine in Owen's College, says: "Deep sleep, nervous or rapidly-failing eyesight, dropsy of the lungs, or a violent inflammation, any one of them, is a symptom of kidney trouble." Warner's Safe Cure is the only reliable and guaranteed remedy for kidney disorders.

A man in western Dakota saw a blizzard born. It started on the top of a bare hill and was a ball of white fog no larger than his hat when he first saw it. He should have carried it home and locked it up, but he did not think of it until it was too late.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

THE ONLY CIGAR WITH A NATIONAL REPUTATION.

TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

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